



R.W. CAMPBELL

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**THE MAKING OF
MICKY McGHEE**

THE MAKING OF MICKY McGHEE

AND OTHER STORIES IN VERSE

BY

R. W. CAMPBELL

AUTHOR OF

"PRIVATE SPUD TAMSON" AND "THE KANGAROO MARINES"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. K. ELCOCK

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DEDICATED
TO THE
GENTLEMEN OF THE RANKS
WITH WHOM
I HAVE SPENT MANY
HAPPY DAYS



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PREFACE

THESE are simply soldier rhymes, for I make no claim to be a Master of the greatest Art. They have been written mainly to interest and amuse the soldier who loves to recite the things of the Army.

Many of these verses were written during the recruiting and other crises which we have passed through. They still possess the necessary fire and moral so needful at all times, so they have been retained. I hope they will be judged for the spirit they exhale, and not in comparison with those whose pens are mightier than mine.

R. W. CAMPBELL.

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MICKY MCGHEE enlisted for ale, for sleep, and
for bread,

To carry the kilt and doublet, the glengarry on his
head.

He was not what men called handsome, his form
was rather spent,

And his hair was thin, his nose was stumped, and
his eyes of cute intent.

He'd been used to sleeping in "Models,"¹ used
to sleeping in gaols ;

Drinking the stuff that burneth, and courting the
women called "Tails."

¹ "Model " means a common lodging-house.

12 THE MAKING OF MICKY MCGHEE

Hunger, sorrow, and sickness were all his eyes
 had seen ;
Hope was not in his keeping. He wasn't a might-
 have-been.

Life had made him a rebel. He was a nomad from
 smelling slums,
Who'd only come for drink and bread, and not for
 the soul of the drums,
Yet he flung his vermined "civvies" off with a shout
 of joy,
And let a Sergeant scrub away the filth of a strange
 alloy.
Then he dressed in an ancient Tartan ; marched to
 the barrack-room
To learn the valour of heroes, the glory there is in
 doom,
And how the sons of Princes and Peers are pals of
 men like he,
Sharing with manly pleasure the skirmish, the march,
 and the spree.

The road was rough and brimful of orders that
 brook no delay—
It wasn't all beer and skittles to serve for a "bob"
 a day ;

THE MAKING OF MICKY MCGHEE 13

Réveillé ended his blanket dreams ; Corporals
called, "Show a leg,
Out of that now, you, Micky McGhee, or I'll put
you 'on the peg.'"

He was made to wash his teeth and neck—things
he didn't know,

Made to brush his hair in "quiffs," crease his trews
like a beau,

Cursed when he wore his cap at meals and fingered
the spuds and stew,

"Pegged" every time he answered, "What the
h—'s that tae dae wi' you?"

"Come along now, you, Private McGhee," said the
old Instructor at drill ;

"You waddle along like a navvy that's had a pint
and a gill.

Step up, step up, now, Micky. Hold up your head
and eyes,

Straighten your legs like a soldier. Damn it, man,
look your size !

I've trained Ghurkas and Sepoys, Keelies and
burglars too ;

I'll have none of your shuffling, I'll make you a
soldier true.

14 THE MAKING OF MICKY MCGHEE

Halt, there ! Halt !” roared the Sergeant. “What was that you said ?”

“Tae h— wi’ you !” roared Micky, striking him on the head.

So Micky McGhee was sentenced to twenty-eight days in the cells,

Where he thought, as he picked his oakum, of
“Models” and frowsy belles,

And of one by the name of Sarah, who’d often given him a “chew,”

A chunk of her pauper rations, a drink of the cheapest brew.

Would he go back to Sarah, the “Model,” and things of sin ?

These were the thoughts that sent his head into a swirling din.

Then the good that’s in the vilest whispered, “No, lad, stick out ;

The Army is kind to the sinner, and the men that the merchants clout.”

Now the ways of the weak are guided, not by their holy vows,

But the seed of sin that’s in their souls—seed for crime and rows,

THE MAKING OF MICKY McGHEE 15

And the thirst that is eternal in a man of Micky's
kind

Is caused through the breed of hunger, sorrow,
and sickened mind.

The God who's the God of all men can pity the
mood when he

Craved for the liquor that burneth on the day that
he was free ;

Pint and pint he called for, till drunk he lurched
once again

Into the Quarter Guardroom, his vows all rent in
twain.

For this he was marched under escort, in front of
a Captain and Lord,

Son of a Duke and a "White Man," and known to
his men as "Bob."

Said he, "McGhee, I am sorry you've been a fool
once again ;

Still, I feel there's good in all of you rough and
tumble men.

Now, McGhee, let's make a bargain. If I let you off
this time,

Will you play the game like a sportsman—keep out
of drink and crime ?

16 THE MAKING OF MICKY MCGHEE

Come ! On your word of honour—you're going to
play the game ! ”

“ Yes, Sir,” said Micky, the sinner, his heart in a
righteous flame.

But the battle was stiff and uppish : he was fighting
the sins of sires,

And the craving for drink was hellish—like raging
passions' fires,

And his nomad spirit suffered, for he'd the love of
the road,

While the craving for Sarah's comforts piled on
another load.

Yet, the spirit of God that's in all men whispered,
“ Micky, stick out.”

The kindly rule of the Duke's son kept off the
Non-Com's. clout.

And *then* came the Ultimatum—War and freedom
from lures,

An outlet for hidden glories ; the chance that
murders or cures.

Thus the son of a Peer and a Pauper, linked in
the cause that's high,

Marched in the march of glory ; suffered, and
asked not why.

THE MAKING OF MICKY McGHEE 17

At Mons when hell from the cannon staggered,
slaughtered, and maimed,



When wave upon wave of Germans charged for
the Gods they claimed,

18 THE MAKING OF MICKY MCGHEE

Micky, grim-jawed and eager, fired with that aim
of Hythe,
Which mows the living to slaughter, like the
sweep of a Terror-Scythe,
Tho' left to cover the Great "Retreat," flanked,
then surrounded with foes,
The son of the Peer and the Pauper fought, and
wailed not their woes.

Britain, you've had noble glories, but none so
great as that day
When fifty-five of the Highland Host were caught
by the Huns' foray.
Their rounds were fired, and vanished; all that
was left was the steel,
As they rose with a cheer and plunged it home
into the swine who squeal.
Gad! what a noble ending—plunging, then warding
the blows,
Smashing heads with their butt-ends, ripping the
hearts of their foes.
But the horde seemed never-ending, and circled
like vultures low,
Bent on the mad destruction of "Bob," & Micky
& Co.

THE MAKING OF MICKY MCGHEE 19

"We're done, men. Scatter and go—Make for the rear—Retire,"

Roared "Bob" as he fell dying at the feet of his slum Esquire.

With the rage of a frenzied lover Micky laid two more low,



Then flinging away his rifle, lifted his Captain to go

To the rear for succour and safety, for him he loved so well.

But, alas! the steel of a German ended his life.
He fell

20 THE MAKING OF MICKY MCGHEE

Dead by the side of his Captain. Thus the Peer
and Pauper died,
Linked in the sleep of glory—the Death that's an
Empire's pride.

.



*There's a woman who lives in "Models"; known as
Sarah to all—*

*A broken soul of the scourings, that environment
throws to the wall,*

*Yet she, like the Fairies of Foyland, has her dreams
of the past as well ;*

*'Tis the dream of the man called Micky—Micky, the
man who fell,*

THE MAKING OF MICKY MCGHEE 21

And her pride is a silver medal, a letter and statement of pay

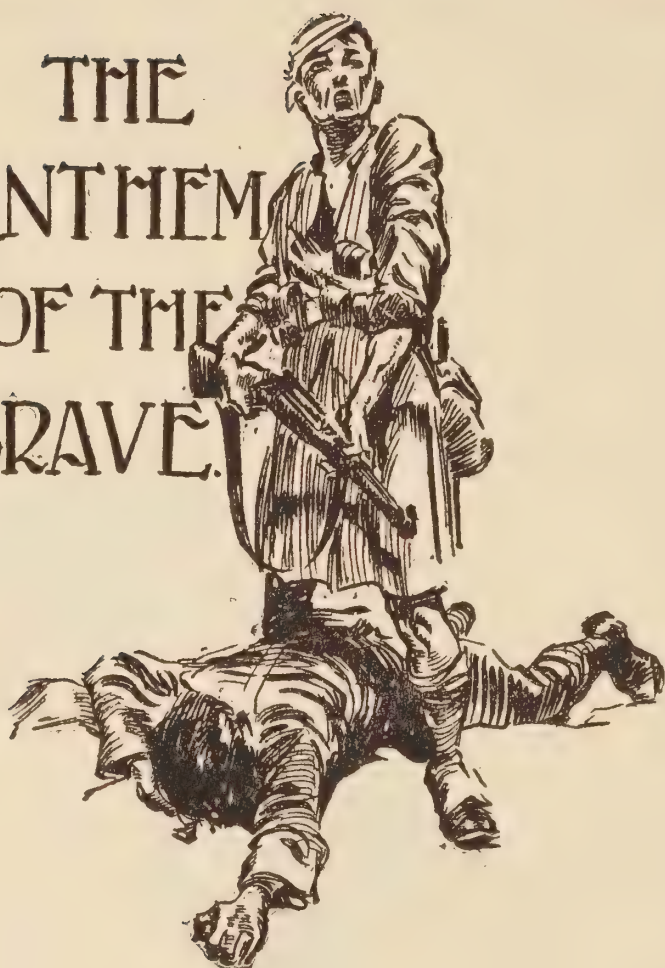
From the man who cherished her dearly, and saved on a "bob" a day

Ten pounds to this woman called Sarah—crude, yet kind as a dove,

Whose charity in the mean streets gained her a soldier's love.



THE ANTHEM OF THE BRAVE.

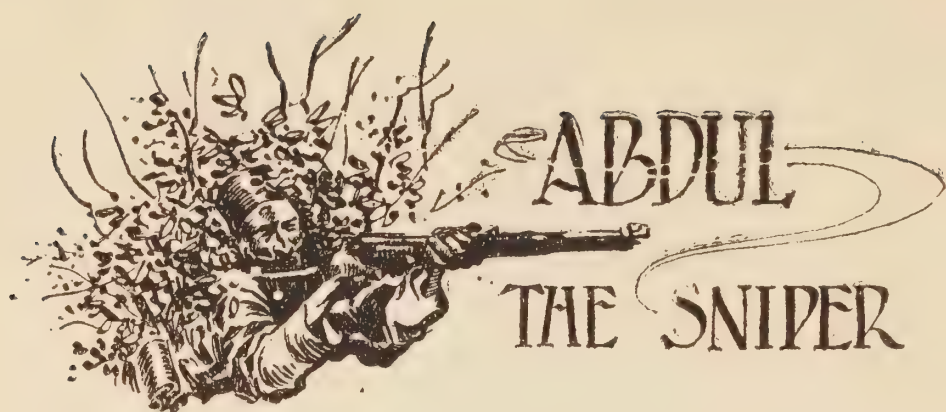


God, we weep no more ; our tears are dried,
Our nerves are tuned, and our hearts are tried ;
The shambles weird and the rows of dead,
The limbless form and the lonely head,
With the boom of Death, the shrapnel's awe,
The steel that jags as a butcher's saw,
Are now but part of a casual game,
Where the Peer and the Pauper vie for fame.

THE ANTHEM OF THE BRAVE 23

We know that our dead are piled in tiers,
We know that our blood shall stain for years
The fields, the walls, and the beds of France,
Where the noble died in the great advance.
And, God, we have heard the maidens sigh,
The widows shriek, and the bairnies cry
For the dead, the missing, and the maimed,
Torn in the cause that Death has famed.

But, Father, we'll yield our blood and best,
We'll give our all with a gracious zest.
Death hath no pangs in this awful hour,
Love hath no ties when the holy flower
Of Truth, of Faith, and our stainless pride
Is clutched by the vulgar, sordid tide
Of Bestial foes, who foul the name
Of Truth that's Truth and Fame that's Fame.



ABDUL MOHASSIN from out Syria way
Was a fellow who loved to thieve and to pray.
He'd laugh while he slit the throat of his Dad ;
So Abdul, the blackguard, was chippy and glad
When the Kaiser said, "Kultur's a fine paying
game ;
So come, be a sniper, O Abdul of fame."

So Abdul was given a kit and a gun,
Abdul was cursed and drilled by a Hun,
Sent with a batch of Turks, fat and thin,
To Gallipoli land where Death and the din
Ensured Abdul and all a journey above
Where Allah coquettes with "Woodbines" and
love.

A Hun N.C.O. with a waist lined with beer
Cried, "Greetings, O Abdul! We need you out
here

To paint yourself green, tie leaves round your
head,

Take a gun and some bullets and add to the
dead

Of the English, who say the Sultan is bad,
And that Allah the Prophet's a giddy old lad."

So Abdul, the sniper, crept out in the night,
With Bully and Bullets, to live and to fight
'Gainst the Tommies who tramped, with bacon
and rum,

Through the gullies that wind, and gullies that
hum

With the smell of fat Pashas killed in the fray
When Tommies advanced from down Helles way.

This Abdul lay low, and Abdul did plunk
The dum-dum mausers which shattered, then shrunk
Into the breasts of our fine Lowland braves,
Who tramped with the bacon, cursed loudly the
slaves

Of the Kaiser who'd sent old pals neath the clod
By tricks such as Abdul's, whom they called "A
sod."

All this angered Jock M'Bain, who was known
For a thirst for blood and beer—not his own.
By the luckiest glance he saw Abdul of fame
Look out of his hole at old Bobby Frame,
Whom he'd hit on the part that sits on a chair,
Thus causing poor Bobby to yell and to swear.



So Jock M'Bain prayed for dusk, so to steal
Out over the trench and redden his steel.
Well, the night came down, and bold Jock went
out
As he used to do when poaching for trout.
He circled around this Abdul of fame,
Then dreaming aloud of the old Harem game.

Nearer and nearer crept Jock with his gun,
 Louder and louder dreamed Abdul of fun ;
 Then a star-shell showed a bayonet on high,
 And Tommy and Turk awoke to the cry
 Of Abdul, the sniper, shrieking with pain
 At the end of the bayonet of Poacher M'Bain.

*Ten wives are weeping down Syria way
 For Abdul, the sniper, who fell in the fray
 With Jock M'Bain of the Lowland Breed,
 That cares not for death when this country's need
 Calls them out from the Bens to play at the game
 That killed Abdul Mohassin, the sniper of fame.*



THE NEW TOMMY.



HE doesn't 'list in moleskins : he comes in serge
or tweeds,

And sometimes brings from Harrods' tons of con-
centrated needs ;

He doesn't drop his *h*'s, and say that Hell is 'ell ;
He's an educated Blatchford—with the cravings of
a swell.

Oh ! he's a nutty, natty gent who asks for
Tommy's clothes,

The quickest route to Corporal, and when the
transport goes.

He doesn't swill his innards with the famed Court
 Martial Ale,
Nor does he "glad" the Gerties who make the
 Roué pale,
But he craves for games of Soccer, a taste of
 Rugby too,
And how to play his part as the Eton Youngsters
 do.

Oh ! he's healthy, and he's wise ; out for every
 sort o' prize

That makes the muscles sturdy and build a hate
 for lies.

He has no time for Sergeants who only curse and
 whine

And address a crowd of rookies as "a sloppy lot
 o' swine" ;

He says that's the thing for prisons, not for
 gentlemen who pay

Their blood and earthly treasure to keep the Huns
 at bay.

Oh ! he hates the viper's tongue, he loathes
 the sawdust-brain,

And he'll write to his M.P. about the way he's
 got to train.

Still, he's feudal in his heart. He loves the Sub.
who knows
That "Officer and gentleman's" the man who
furthest goes—
The fellow who says, "Please," in that knightly
sort of way
That makes this Tommy yell and charge like H——
into the fray.
Oh! he's as British as can be—Conservative,
though free
To vote for Asquith, Bonar Law, or "gents"
called I.L.P.





KING of the deserts, wizard of schemes
To glory the wastes and fix Gippy dreams
Of a land of fruits, a land of grain,
To enrich their Allah and ease their pain—
Schemes built on rails, drains, D.S.O.'s.
'Gainst brave but frenzied Dervish foes—
Schemes that have made the name of "K."
Worshipped from Cairo to Hudson Bay.

Do you of the Parish *know* this man ?
Do you of the Press *know* the brains that plan—
Plan for the Right—plan for our might—
Plan for to end the Prussian blight ?

If so, then sing out—sing out, and sing long ;
Let your trumpets echo in tune with your song
Of the man who saved an Empire at bay—
The square-chinned Sphinx whom men call “K.”

NOTE.—This poem was written on the eve of Lord Kitchener's departure for Greece, when many ardent admirers thought that he was leaving Whitehall—never to return.





OUR FOOTBALL FOOLS.

FOOTER'S a game that is manly, footer's a game
that is clean,

Footer's a game that our Tommy likes, to keep
him fit and serene ;

But it isn't the game for the player, who's hired
like a mule in a dray,

It isn't the game to go and see when our men on
a "bob" a day

Are facing grim hell in the trenches, shedding
blood in the game,

While fools rush in with a "tanner" to cheer on
their gods of shame.

Come, look at their chinless faces ; oh, look at
their blasé eyes,

And that air of deep devotion as they watch the
fools who prize

The Gold that is more than Duty ; the cheers of
this foul-breathed throng,
Who stink the air with their curses, who sicken
true men with their song
Of the game that's a game of blunder, a game
that's smelling of cash,
A game that will rob this Nation of ours of its
moral strength and dash.

They play while the shells are screaming ; play
when the shambles is wet
With the blood of their battered brothers, the
tears of the dead who've met
Grim foes on the touch-line of terror. Foul beasts
in a gas-filled goal,
Who murder the wounded when winning, and
whine like a motherless foal
When "bob"-a-day men seek vengeance for the
smelling and mangled dead
Whose blood-filled mouths reek forth Death's
shame on the brainless football head !

As I've said, it's the game for Tommy, and the
game for the "civvy" too,
When it's played to freshen the body and keep
the morals clean and true ;

But it isn't the game for Mammon, it isn't the
game for the fools
Who strike when working munitions, who drink
in the reeling schools
Of those who rush with a "tanner" to cheer on
their gods of shame
While their brothers are targets of "Kultur," but
never apostles of shame.



THE MERCHANT'S SON



JIMMY Wares possessed no Norman Scroll,
No claims on caste or the Mayfair School ;
His Dad, once poor, had collared a shoal
Of guineas by selling good linen and wool,
And like self-made men, who great riches win,
He deemed that his son should found a line,
By rank, and the sword, in the hellish din,
Where the worst *is* worst, and the fine *is* fine.

This road to blood and a County name
Was fair and square—though rough on the son,
Who'd still got the brand of the counter game—
That veneer of style that the stylish shun,

And, though good at heart, with a generous mind,
He showed all his hand by sending for rules
On how to eat shrimps, and how he could blind
The world that he came of shopkeeping schools.

Would a gent do this? Would a gent do that?
Is it form to wear knickers and a morning coat?
Is it right to wear brogues with a bowler hat?
Should it be, "My Lord," or, "My Dear Old
Sport"?

When he wrote to his pals of his famous Corps
Where the high-born men said this merchant's son
Was—"Not a bad chap, but a beastly bore
When he read 'The Peerage—And how it is
done.'"

Jimmy Wares at his job, though straight and
keen,

Worried his men by the "Messing About,"
Which marks the "new man" who has never been
Taught, *when* he should curse, and *when* to get
out.

He knew that men knew he was newly rich;
He knew that men knew he was aping the Nobs;
But he worked for his Dad and that social niche
Which is open to brave men, salesmen and snobs.

The Ballet girls' lips and Ballet girls' schemes—
Fresh Oysters and Phiz, and nights on the tiles ;
Never claimed Jimmy. He stayed with his
dreams,

His red books on Tactics and strategy's wiles.
He learnt every link in the long chain of war,
The weight—and the holes—in a soldier's socks,
How rust can be hid in a Lee-Metford bore,
And *why* the Q.M. need not get "on the rocks."

Subs. borrowed his cheques. Tommy schemed for
his gold,

And he gave it in heaps, for his heart was kind,
But he never possessed that fame and respect
Which comes at a bound to the noble, who find
That breeding and forbears who'd died on a
lance,

Who'd kissed a Princess or an actress at nights,
Makes leading, they say, as plain as a dance,
Without stewing up Tactics and old Boney's
fights.

But the Dogs of War ended caste and its pride ;
The need of brains gave Jimmy his chance ;
He was never away from his Colonel's side
In the great retreat, and the stern advance.

He was father and friend, professor and law ;
Men looked to his face for the light to cheer,
Men jumped at his will, Subs. listened with awe
When Adjutant Wares spoke his orders *clear*.



His hour came when, on a wet hellish night,
The Prussian Guard pressed the bloodiest scrum ;
When Colonel and Captains died in the fight,
And four hundred men lay mangled and dumb.

A spy cried, "Retire"—the broken lines jumped
To run to the rear, when Jimmy roared, "Halt—
Lie down, men—lie down—we'll never be stumped
If you fire like H——, and show them your salt."

Though their bellies were void; though wet, out
of breath,

The Tommies obeyed—Wares had shown them
his "guts,"

They piled up the dead—War's cover from Death;
Re-loaded then poised their triggers and butts.

"They're coming on, men,—wait till they get
near—

Ready now—Ready—At the swine—Rapid Fire!"
This method of Hythe cost the Prussians dear,
And made Tommy quite pleased he did *not* retire.

He'd risked his regiment, and he'd staked his
rank,

But he knew the Hun, and he knew his "boys,"
And, though Prussian Guards swarmed flank and
flank,

More "Rapid" murdered the Potsdamming Toys,
Attack and Attack was counter-attacked well;
The Blankshire bayonets ripped guts and hearts,
And shattered the Huns so gallant and well
That a German Division was broke at the start.

“Hold on for an hour,” roared a “Brass Hat”
who’d crawled
Through a hail of lead, through mud and blood ;
“Yes, for two, if you’re pushed,” brave Jimmy
bawled
To the B.M., then running back through the mud,
For a thousand Scots, fresh, lusty, and keen,
Sent up as supports for the Blankshire Braves,
He found them in time—rushed them straight to
the scene,
Thus saved a Brigade from the Prussian knaves.

The remnant—a hundred—tramped back at the
dawn,
Still proud, though bleeding, though broken and
done ;
At their head was Jimmy, on a stretcher borne—
He was dying the death of the noblest one.
They laid him down on a bed of fresh hay ;
He smiled through his pain, and said, “Good-
bye—
I’m—proud of the—Blanks. You’ve—saved the—
day,
And now—Good-bye ; I’m going—to—Die.”

*A millionaire merchant in linen and wool
Mourns for a son—and the loss of his fame,*

*That would have lifted him into the County School
And given his cheek a cavalier's name.
While a woman of Blood is weary and sad
That she'd loved the dead—just for his gold,
And weeps to her God for the merchant lad
Who died in blood like the Bloods of old.*





FAREWELL TO THE DARDANELLES.

WE have left the scenes of glory, the gullies of
blood and fame,

We have ended the greatest story of energy,
chivalry, blame,

Left but dead men and crosses, the empty trench
and the shell,

As souvenirs of the mighty who fired, who fought
and fell,

In the greatest feat in history—landing against the
odds,

Advertised as “quite imposs.” by the Lager-
guzzling Gods.

Though Achi-Baba’s wet with blood, and trenches
reek of the smelling dead,

Though critics cast their parish mud, and call
aloud for someone’s head,

44 FAREWELL TO THE DARDANELLES

We, who know, are not ashamed,—War is a
game—a big game, too,
In which Kismet deals out shame with fame to
keep our spirits clean and true—
Retreat may damn a Nation weak, but Retreat can
spur a Nation strong,
And this Retreat shall be the meat to make us
sing the victor's song.

The Twenty-Ninth and Lowland men, Anzac lads
and Naval A.B.'s,
Will be heroes to our children, and our dear
children o'er the seas ;
Scribes will tell of their bloody feats—when
mocked by wire and fire of the “Huns,”
Bashed by the shrapnel that staggers—torn by
the Lyddite that stuns,
They charged with a smile on their faces, went
to their death with a cheer,
Died with the blood on their bayonets, that
shivered the harems with fear.

This was no luxurious field—no coffee-cups or
the London *Times*,
No seven-pound gifts per G.P.O.; Billets and
girls and Panto. rhymes ;

FAREWELL TO THE DARDANELLES 45

It was Hell at the dawn, Hell all through the
day,
Hell up in the trenches, Hell down at the Bay,
But it was glorious Hell, and a Hell that is
famed
For its legion of heroes—Dead, missing, and
maimed.

Farewell to Anzac, and sad Sulva Bay! Farewell
to the beaches down Helles way,
Farewell to the dead asleep in the clay, whose
crosses shall signal out to the Bay
That death is better than shame. Death is good
in the game
That adds to our Christian fame, and wipes out
the bloody name
Of the vulgar tribe of Prussian Lords, who rape
because of the blood of hogs,
Whose kultur always stinks and clogs like the
smell of the mangy Stamboul dogs.

TO THE ARMCHAIR CRITIC



SAY you who wallow deep in your beefsteak and
your gold,

Who only know your street, and never, never
catch a cold,

How smug and fat you are ; too slow to think or
dream

Of what an Empire means, or a brutal campaign
seems—

A podgy soul of podgy mind, a fool unlettered,
unrefined,

Not even kindly when you're kind ; the biggest
pest that man e'er dined,

Have you *ever* heard the shrapnel and the lyddite
scream and boom?

Have you *seen* our gallant Tommies dead and
mangled in the tomb?

Have you *felt* the steel that jags, that mixes
stomach, heart, and spleen?



Have you *seen* a great offensive charging forward,
screen on screen?

Gad! ye shiver and ye pale, your heart and
knees a-quail;

You're decadent and sneakish, you who'd dare
to ply the flail.

48 TO THE ARMCHAIR CRITIC

Yet, 'tis you who whine and scowl at our com-
muniquéés, reports,

'Tis you who dare to talk of great offensives and
supports,

You who sit and guzzle, damn and damn, and
criticize

The men who've faced an army, ten, aye twenty
times their size.

Oh, pestilented, horrid swine! I'd bait you on
a salmon line

—Play you slowly, dev'lish fine, right through
your blazing vats of wine.





THERE'S a corps of fakirs and quakers, students
and peace envoys,
A corps that hasn't got rifles, bayonets, and quick-
firing toys,
Blokes who don't get drill order, route marching,
and sweating night-ops,
Swaddies who talk about Shakespeare, eat buns
and Soldiers' Home "Drops."

They're most respectable fellows. They seldom
get "clinked" or C.B.
They never chase Aldershot Lizzies, and only get
fuddled on tea.
They sing, "O Lord we are Holy," and their
only curse word is d——.
'They get converted thrice weekly, for free feeds
of cookies and jam.

Their colours *do* smell of Carbolic—colours of lint
and of wool,
Embroidered with forceps and scalpels to show
the dissecting school,
And their marching tune it is eerie—it's the awful
“Dead March in Saul”—
They're the mourners and undertakers for those
who've answered the Call.

Some call them the Linseed Lancers; others dub
them the Poultice Crush;
And they're bossed by men “On the Panel,” and
nurses trained not to blush
When chloroformed Mr. Atkins mumbles out,
“Bli'me”—and “H——”
As they dig out the jagging Dum-dum or lump
of a German shell.

But theirs is a job with no limelight—no touch of
the cinema game;
They work till they drop in the stretchers—never
court D.C.M. fame;
They slog when the Tommy is fighting—slog
when he's resting in rear.
If they *don't* carry rifles and bayonets, they *always*
bring succour and cheer.

When shells are screaming and bursting—Dug-outs
become shambles and graves,
When limbs and heads are a-flying, it's the Bearer
who quietly braves



Wounds, death, murder, or capture, to bandage
the moaning and maimed
And carry the weary and dying to the Haven
that Lister has famed.

Hats off to the men "On the Panel!" Hats off to
the Sisters so sweet,
And salute every Stretcher-bearer who goes march-
ing down your street;
If they don't carry rifles and bayonets, and their
march is the "March in Saul,"
They're *IT* in the wards of mercy, and *IT* where
the mangled call.





I CRAVE for the style of Kipling, the touch that
Tennyson made,
To write of the Border gallants who served in a
Scots Brigade,
Men of the hills and snowdrifts—men of the weaver's
spool,
Called, and of one ambition, to die like the Border
School,
A thousand sons of bold Rievers who dreamed of
the Battle Yards,
Where bonnets and blades were headed by brave
McSteele from the Guards.

Proud as the Roman's Cæsar—though poor as all
hillmen are,
Wordless, and strangely silent; communing with
things that debar
The jest of the snipe from the city; the filth of
the things unclean—
Now and then wrapt in the raptures of Love and
the might-have-been,
Mystics, sage dreamers of duty—weird, slow men
of the hills,
But strong with the fighting passions that yield us
the battles' thrills.

McSteele was their friend and ruler, a man of
that iron and blood
Which knits the pride of a regiment, and quenches
crime in the bud;
A Chief with the fire of the Raiders; one untitled,
but known
As cream of the folk called gentry—gentry we
never disown.
And this brave knight of the Borders, with the
grace and pride of the Guards,
Lived for his bonnets and bayonets; pined for the
grim Battle Yards.

Time found them dumped near the Narrows, to
wrest from the Turks the claim
Of Lords of the strip of briny that threatens our
Eastern fame.
And their job was the job of thrusting—gripping
three lines of earth
From Enver's dupes and vassals, but vassals of
faith and worth.
Though shelled by guns that thundered swift death,
blood, terror, and tears,
The remnant waited for Allah's sake—Allah who
bribes their fears.

When the song of the guns had ended, McSteele
yelled, "Charge !" and well
He led them through shrieking shrapnel and a
zipping Dum-dum Hell.
Men fell, riddled and mangled ; the air echoed the
weird death-shriek,
But on went McSteele, the Guardsman, in a way
of which regiments speak
Was true of the Guards and Borders,—true of
the men from the hills,
Who've ever been held for the sortie—the sortie
that slaughters and kills.

They reached the third of the trenches. Alas!
this third was a scrape
Of earth that duped air observers, and sent brave
McSteele to his fate.
So, seeking for their objective, these braves were
lured to a fire



That staggered, murdered and mangled, and caused
the order—"Retire!"
From out of a thousand heroes a hundred limped
to the rear,
Bleeding, battered, and broken—minus the Chief
without fear.

There's gloom on the hills of the Borders, gloom
by the shuttle and loom,
For McSteele and his missing gallants—and
"missing" is mainly doom.
No praises are printed in papers—no praises are
wanted or asked,
For Duty's the creed of the Hillmen, Death they
expect in the task.
*Oh, Britons, thank God for the Borders! Thank God
for the men who parade,
Square-jawed, grim, dour, and determined, in a far-
off Lowland Brigade!*





"My advice to you Rookies," said Private
McPhee,

"Is keep your eye down—don't go on the spree,
Don't nod to the Colonel and call him Bill,
Don't ask the S.M. for a fag or a gill,
And, if you want to get on, Salute, Salute,
Salute every —, Salute, Salute.

"When you're fed up with drill and want a
pass,

Arrange that your mother should faint at Mass,
And get your Dad to send on a wire—

'Your mother is dying; please come, McGuire.'

You'll *get* your pass—and the loan of a quid

If—your Captain's soft in his heart and 'lid.'

“Now there’s a rotten thing that they calls C.B.
They gives you a dose for being too free
With the Colonel’s cook, or a civvy’s beer,
Or giving up lip to the Sergeant’s dear.
When you gets a few days, just kid you’re ill,
Get a sick report and a Number Nine Pill.

“Now, mark my words, you’ve got to be ‘fly,’
Dodge drill when you can, but never say die,
When the cook-house goes or the canteen’s free
For a pint per man from our P.M.C.,
But remember this—Salute and Salute,
Salute every —, Salute, Salute.”





A THOUSAND Scots, brand new to the game,
Marched in the night to the scenes of fame—
Marched by the light of star-shells strange
And the flash of guns that knew the range.
Their tongues were still, their hearts beat fast,
As they trekked and thought of how men passed.

Phut! came a bullet straight in the breast
Of poor Tam Green, and one of the best;

He fell with a moan and curses fierce—
His blood was seen by the lights that pierce,
From the star-shells weird and Seventy-fives,
Which thunder Death into Turkish hives.

“Pass on !” shouted out a C.O. they knew
Had the pluck and grit of a fine Rugger Blue.
The Column then dipped into pools of clay,
Where many had died for a “bob” a day.
Gad ! how the bullets pinged and cracked,
And the star-shells showed how they crawled and
tacked !

Then came the dawn in a gully that’s famed
For blood and gangrene, crosses and maimed,
And the mouldy dead made a grim salute
To the thousand Scots who’d come there to shoot
Deluded Turks, befooled to the game
By a Pasha who worships the cult of shame.

Lancashire lads, mourning Leaders and pals,
Looked out of holes like pirates in kraals,
And shouted a welcome—some gave a salute
To the Tramping Jocks now itching to shoot
The sons of Allah—brave Moslem too,
Fooled by a Turk with the blood of a Jew.

They lined the zigzagged Plain of Tears;
They saw the hill of slaughtering fears;
Moaned for the riddled dead who lay
On parapets, wires, and in stinking clay.



The sights made them fierce, their philosophy
changed,
Jaws became set and their rifles ranged.

The thousand Scots then started to pray,
To use their steel in the Lowland way.

It was answered too, for the Turks came down
Like flies from out of a stinking town.

"Allah ! Allah !" they cried, as on they ran.

"Rapid Fire," yelled chiefs of the Lowland
Clan.

They fell with shrieks that still haunt the brain,
But others charged on—charged on—in vain ;
For out of the earth leaped Lowland Braves
To gouge the hearts of cute Enver's slaves.
Some cried for mercy—some called on their Gods,
As their blood ran out to the sweltering sods.

But Death's half the price of all success ;
Men, mangled and maimed, are part of the mess.
The thousand Scots at that muster-call
Answered but numbered eight hundred in all ;
Bloody and wise, with death-haunted eyes,
They mustered, and mourned at the price of the
prize.

*So, off with your hats, you civvies that skunk,
Salute the diced bonnets that never know funk.
Let their bravery stab and stab in the shame
That you are a fool, while they play that game,
Not measured in gold,—if measured in tears,
But tears that shall blot out the cunning of years.*

"CARRY
ON!"



THOUGH there's blood and death around you,
Though the front and flanks are bu'st,

And the Ammunition Column's sniped and gone,
Square your chin, and curse the slacker ;
Hold *your* part, obey your trust.

If you're wounded, start out yelling, "Carry
On!"



THERE'S miners *and* miners of Britain—
Miners of fame and of shame,
Miners who're digging to Berlin,
And miners who've sullied their name
By crying, "Traitor" and "Treason"
To their signees of Service and Reason.

But the "bob"-a-day digger of glory—
The fellow who's mining in "Hell"—
Is the man who's shrapnelled the story,
That *all* miners are fellows who spell
Service—a lure of the classes
To crush the miners and masses.

Off with your hats to this miner
Who fights on a non-union rate,
Who kills the Hun and the whiner
Of "Calais" and Hymns of Hate,
Who mines and counter-mines well,
And shovels the Huns into Hell.



HE came to us new—a smile on his face,
Health in his blood, and “life” in his pace;
He’d come for to train, to fight, and to die
For things that mean all to those who know why.

At first he was “green” and shy of the “Tough,”
So tactful and kind—afraid to be rough,
But he mastered the tricks—soon shouted, “Shun!”
In a way that would have straightened a Hun.

When bullets came “Phut!” he lit up a fag;
When men were “dead beat,” he never did nag;
When Lyddite and shrapnel spread terror around,
He smiled and said, “Boys, we must hold our ground.”

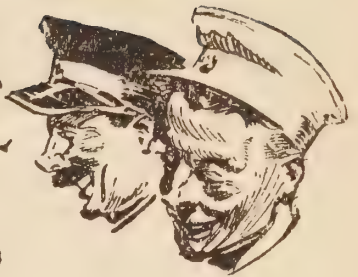
Then Fate sent a shell with a shuddering Boom!
It burst! There was death, disaster, and gloom.
Young Grierson fell dying—a smile on his face,
And muttering low, “Number Three—hold your
place!”

*God of our race, there's a platoon that is sad
For Grierson, the brave and bright soldier lad
Who died for a cause that's greater by far
Than that of "The CIVVY," who schemes for a
"Star."*





O'HARE AND M'FOO.



BILLETS are places in lone parts,
Where women and wine are unknown,
Where schemes of the men who're mighty
Create a Liquorless zone;
With no girls in the luring ballet—
No music hall Maudies and Gerts—
No mansions with flappers rosy—
Nothing, yea, nothing in skirts.

For it's ruled by the men who order
That Subs. and the Tommies too,
Must banish their dreams of Hymen,
And drink of the lime juice brew.
Yet, it's whispered in every unit
That the men who create these laws
Are old and cold as the mountains,
And held by the marriage clause.

This, then, was the dry position
Which faced Privates O'Hare and M'Foo,
Knights of the Marne and Soissons,
And Chiefs of the Canteen crew.
"This," said O'Hare, "is the limit,
Worse than the shelling and mud ;
There's nowt but drillin' an' marching,
An' never a sign of a pub."

So they whispered of deeds unlawful,
And now and then mentioned a name
Of a lady of "ways," called Clara,
Who served up the ales of fame.
This vision of Life and Laughter,
The thought of the cooling beer,
Made the one agree with the other
That an absence was worth its cheer.

They "borrowed" the S.M.'s money,
Took a "loan" of the Captain's clothes,
Mounted the Subaltern's sidecar,
And whisked to the "Crown and Rose."
How they laughed when Sergeant Bludgeon,
The Provo with a Sherlock's ways,
Was done in the eye and—saluted
His old pals of defaulter's days !

"'Ow do, my dears!" said Miss Clara,
As they entered the bar of fame,
And called for quarts of the liquor
That makes even a padre game.
Then O'Hare and M'Foo muttered lowly
The things that the printer says
Are only published in Paris,
Because of our Methody ways.

"I likes you fellows," said Clara,
Who was old in the ways of Eve,
As she stroked their hands and faces,
And thought of the gold they'd leave.
"And I likes you," said gay Paddy,
Kissing the lips that were full;
While M'Foo pressed her little finger
In the style of the Simla school.

And between the wine and the wooing,
The lights and the fine cigars,
They soared to the rank of Colonels
In the giddy old Green Hussars.
"'Ow nice, ole dears!" chirped Clara,
And there and then promised to ride
On a moonlight trip to Amoura,
Where the ladies of fame reside.

But 'twixt the promise and keeping
There comes many an ugly jar ;
For, just as they'd fixed the outing,
A big trooper entered the bar.

"Hello, old gel! How's things with you?
Haven't seen you for weeks and weeks."

"What luck, my dear!" mumbled Clara,
Between the smacks on her cheeks.

"Expect he's a swank—Home Service, eh!"
Muttered Pat, who'd fight in his eye.

"Yes, guardin' pubs. an' stacks o' hay,"
Said M'Foo, with an angry sigh ;
For the men who slog in "ammos"
Have a grouse 'gainst they who ride—
Their swanking cords and clanking swords
Make them lords of the country-side.

"Cavalry—shun!" roared mad O'Hare.
The trooper stood up with a start.
"Do you know, me lad, we're Colonels,
An' this is *our* little tart?
Besides, you should ask permission
To kiss a Superior's gel.
Dismiss, me lad—go—hook it, now,
Or we'll give you a bit o' 'ell."

"You frowsy-faced gravel-crusher!
You dirty-necked Absentee!"
Said the trooper, felling the "Colonel,"
As the woodman levels his tree.



"Tak' that, you dung-liftin' trooper,"
Replied Jock, with a terrible blow,
Which knocked the lover of Clara
Through the glass of a wine bureau.

But the men who're mounted are gallant.
So the trooper, bleeding, but game,
Tackled the one, then the other,
In a style that's worthy of fame ;
While Clara shrieked out her terror
At the blood, the skin, and the hair,
Which turned the bar to a shambles,
And roused the police from their lair.

"Ah ! got you at last, you blighters !"
Roared "Bludge," bursting into the bar.
"Take *that*, you foozly-faced boozers,"
Neatly adding an overdue scar ;
"An' *that's* for you to ride 'orses.
Now, all of you, out with your 'ands.
That's it ! Now, *on* with the 'darbies,'"
Yelled he to his G.M.P. band.

They were "clinked" in the Quarter Guardroom,
Where the fleas are numbered and known,
And marched at the dawn to a Captain
In the clothes once the Captain's own ;
But he, like the men of the Army,
Was a soldier and sportsman too,
And almost burst into laughter
When he looked at O'Hare and M'Foo

He sent them to what's called Detention,
Which O'Hare says is "next door to 'ell,"
And there they scrubbed and picked oakum,
And thought of that wonderful belle



Who'd stirred their thirst and their passions ;
Yes, lured them to armfuls of bliss,
Then smashed their dreams 'cause the fashion
Is—"Troopers for Missus an' Miss."

.

*There's a Provo with the face of a bruiser,
A stick that could murder an ox,
Who curses and marches defaulters
Till the sweat runs into their sox ;
But the two that he loves to handle
Are the famed O'Hare and M'Foo,
Knights of the Marne and Soissons,
And Chiefs of the Canteen crew.*





“I WONDER where Maudie’s playing to-night,”
Muttered Second-Lieutenant Julius Knighte
Of a Kitchener Army Crush.
“She’s fine! By Jove, and she kisses well.
Her lips would send a Quaker to H——
And make an old padre blush.

“Ah! I loved her too, till that vulgar swine
Came with his car, his rings, and his wine,
And bought her lips with his cash.
And yet . . . Poor girl . . . Her screw’s only a
‘quid’
For dancing in tights and playing the kid
In a musical comedy hash.

“Still I can’t forget sweet Maudie yet,
And I believe she loathes her wealthy ‘pet’—
And would marry me if I asked,”
Muttered Second-Lieutenant Julius Knighte,
Rising and putting his head in sight
Of a Sniper cleverly masked.

Ping! sang the lead through the still night-air,
And Knighte fell dead on his dug-out stair,
And that was the end of a Sub.’s “affair.”



THE EXILE'S SONG

“OH, play me a tune on the Pipes, Don ;
Play the Laments that I lo’e—
The weird an’ luring Lochaber,
That tak’s me tae days that we rue ;
Play, oh, play the great marches ;
Play a strathspey or a reel,
For I’m dyin’ an’ passin’ away, Don,
To the Land that’s made for the Leal.

CHORUS

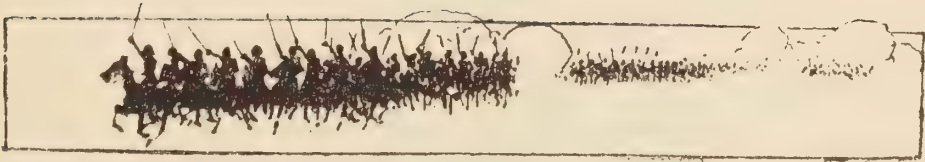
“For the Pipes mean laughter and solace,
The Pipes mean glory an’ pride ;
The Pipes tak’ me hame tae the Glen, Don,
That hame on oor bonnie hillside.

“Ay, that’s it—‘The Flooers o’ the Forest.’
Soft noo, soft ; ay, that’s fine.
It croons me, croons me, my Donald,
To youth an’ bonnie sunshine.

Ah me ! I'm gled noo, but weary—
Weary tae pass tae the Glen,
Where God says, 'Welcome, my Flora,
The daughter of brave Highlandmen.'

CHORUS

"For the Pipes mean laughter an' solace,
The Pipes mean glory an' pride ;
The Pipes tak' me hame tae the Glen, Don,
That hame on oor bonnie hillside."



THE GLESCA KILTIES

If you're six feet in your stockin,
An' your chest is forty-five,
If your knees are never knockin',
An' your feet's a dacent size,
You can jine the Glesca Kilties,
An' get fed on pies an' beer,
Tae pu' the Govan Polis
An' toss the Caber clear.

CHORUS

O Dugal, Duncan, Donal',
If ye want free holidays,
Tatties, whuskey, beer, an' herrin',
An' a suit o' Hielan' claes,
Come an' jine the Kilty Corps,
Come an' pu' the Tug-o'-war,
Come an' march an' dance an' sing,
Wi' the Sodgers o' the King.

THE CAMERONS (K 1)

WE'RE Hielan'men frae Inverness,
Calcutta, Troon, Mulgy ;
We're swanky lads in Hielan' dress,
Altho' we need some dye
Tae gie oor legs the ghillie touch,
An' buy some cotton wool
Tae pad oor hose an' show the folks
We're off the Hielan' school.

CHORUS

We can dress an' chew the Tartan,
An' say Cumarashinchoo ;
We can eat twa pun' o' haggis,
Drink a pail o' Hielan' Dew ;
We can fecht the Army Polis,
An' pu' the Tug-o'-War ;
We're deevils wi' the weemin ;
So come, fecht us—if ye daur.



LIST to the tramp of The Kangaroo Marines !
Look ! How they march ! Oh, what splendid
machines ;

Hearty and strong, sunburnt and long—
Cornstalks from Sydney, Perth, and Geelong.
Rough and ready boys—*not* fancy dandy toys,
Men ! Men ! Men ! Australia's soldier boys.

CHORUS

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for The Kangaroo Marines—
Darlings to the housemaids, *darlings* to our
Queens.

Oh, *coo-ee—coo-ee—coo-ee* them along !

Coo—ee loud and strong !

Coo-ee ! Coo-ee ! Coo-ee !

F-o-r—The Kangaroo Marines.

Yes, and in Cairo they charmed the harems too,
Stole the Pasha's darlings, and whispered, "Ducky,
do—

Come for a sight of the Pyramids at night.
Kiss me, little miss, 'neath the *moon-moon-light*."
Oh, *giddy, giddy* boys! There *was* an awful noise
When you stole the Pasha's little *kissing* joys.

Chorus—



Then you went to Anzac. *How* the girlies cried
When they read about the landing—noted *how*
you died

Charging and barging with bayonet and with shell
Turks who shouted "*Allah*," then ran away like 'ell.
You're the envy of the Army, the envy of the Fleet.
The flappers of Australia think you're just a treat.

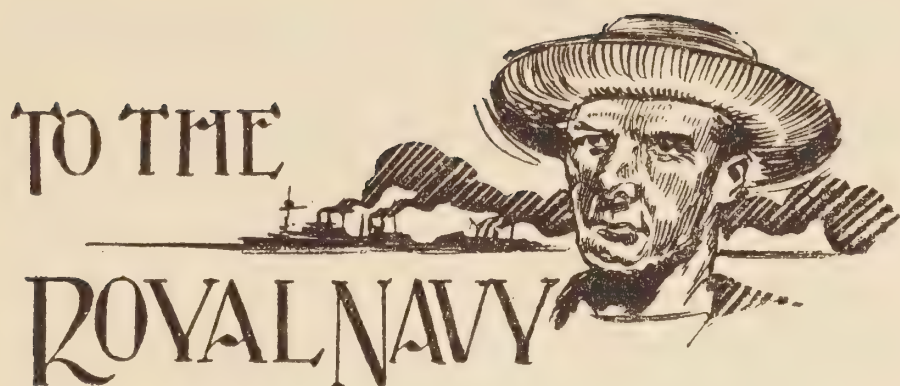
Chorus—

List to the tramp of The Kangaroo Marines!
They stagger! They're wounded, bleeding from
the scenes

Of Death that is glory—Death that's set afire
The love of every woman in this great Empire!
Mill-girls, shop-girls, housemaids, and Queens,
Hip-hip-hooray! for—The Kangaroo Marines!

Chorus—





TO THE ROYAL NAVY

I'VE never saluted the Quarter-deck, *nor* tramped
the Bridge of Sighs,
Never talked shop in a Gun-room, *or* looked
through an E Boat's eyes,
For I'm only a gravel-puncher in a terra firma
khaki crush
(Tho' I once had a sail on a sweeper when doing
the Helles rush);
And tho' the Snotty and Commander often pinch
a soldier's lass,
I love the Royal Navy, and salute them when they
pass.

I like the cocky T.B.D.'s, that bob like corks on
the Hun-less seas,
Bossed by cocky-nosed youngsters, who pot with
their shrapnel peas

“Dead Marines” and salmon tins, and old barrels
on the run—

Anything that a rum-nosed watch takes for a
“U” of the Huns ;

And don’t these cocky T.B.D.’s swank in front of
the Troopship’s eyes

When escorting a freight of rivals to the parts
where the rival dies !

When I’m eating my healthy rations or sipping
my tot of rum,

I think of the Royal Navy that holds the key of
the scrum

That’s locked the barnacled bottoms of Tirpitz,
groaning with the cobwebbed Krupps,

Created to batter Jack Fisher’s babes and flatten
the Bulldog’s pups,

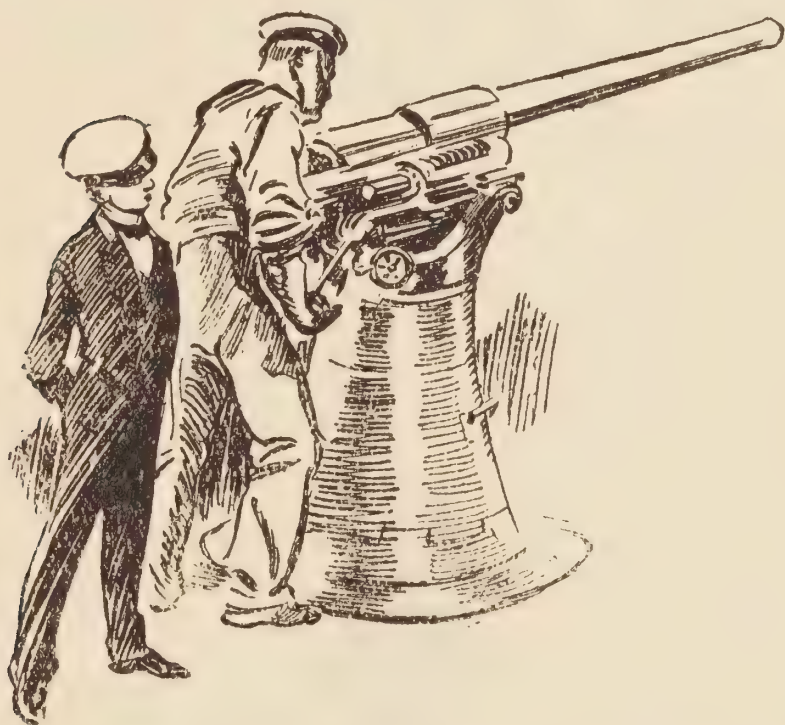
Who, under the square-jawed Beatty, have Blü-
chered *one* Blücher Toy,

And wait with eyes that are sleepless to give
Arthur Balfour joy.

The Army says at a land Review you wobble
too much, and crow

For a briny breeze and tot of rum instead of a
land-lubbing show,

And when doing a job in khaki you think a
flank's like the sea—
That either your "port" or "starboard" is as
safe as prison is free,
And you grouse when you haven't stokers to
curse and steam on the show,



Nor electric things to press and slide when you
want the guns to go.

But that's the grouse of the Army; a grouse
mainly caused by our girls,
Whom you pinch in the street and "Pictures,"
and kiss on your motor whirls.

Still, as you're only ashore for minutes, we don't
mind leasing our "Flames,"
For you suffer like H—— in the blizzards; you
bleed in the Blücher games,
And we know if you're hit by torpedoes that you
die like rats in a trap.
That's why *I* salute the Navy, and *why* the civvy
should touch his cap.

REFRAIN

Ye-ho! for the Royal Navy!
Ye-ho! for the Men in Blue—
Heroes to Princess and Slavey,
The Terror of Tirpitz, too!



STANLEY'S SHAME AND FAME.



THERE are some who 'list for the glory,
Others who come only for pay,
And some who come with a story
That speaks of a young lover's fray ;
While there are others, strangely silent,
With the breeding that's plainly old,
Who ask only refuge from passions
And deeds that can never be told.

Such was the man known as "Stanley" ;
Six feet of breeding and charm,
With the easy air of the manly,
And eyes that had nurtured alarm
In the hearts of the true and truthless,
Who'd yearned for his mad amours,
And *damned*, by hours that are countless
Of the shame that passion obscures ;

90 STANLEY'S SHAME AND FAME

Yes, damned by those who are frozen,
Whose blood runs cold from the heart,
Whom God has denied of that beauty
That makes or breaks the Life's part.
For Grace is snared by the Christless
Who draw from the beauteous lips
The blood and thrills they deem priceless
And worth the full lash of our whips.

And Stanley was heir of the daring
That comes with the blood of the bold ;
A line that had captured, enraptured,
The women that fools cannot hold ;
A line that could gallop a hunter
At a gate that meant over or death !
A line that had died in the slaughter
To ensure Britain's Imperial breath.

Though schooled in the greatness of Eaton,
He was schooled in the vapid things too ;
At the goal he stood proud and unbeaten,
And at Cricket was Cap' o' the crew.
But ease caught the chaff of the vermin
Who're the froth of maimed roué sires ;
While "Town" brought the lures of the women
Who worship the gold of the Squires.

STANLEY'S SHAME AND FAME 91

Thus mixed in honour and passion,
With a soul half great and unclean,
A fitness for deeds of a Trojan,
A weakness for matters we screen,
He was launched on Life's great adventure,
With a face and form that enthralled



Women—some noble and tender ;
Others, cute, sinful, and galled.

Yes, two there were that could hold him ;
One, elf-like, so charming and pure,
Whose radiant youth was in contrast
With the radiant temptress, obscure,

92 STANLEY'S SHAME AND FAME

Who gripped his dark, brooding passions,
And plunged him to that fouling mess
Which strangles strength and ambition,
And brings penury, madness, distress.

With Sybil, the daughter of Honour,
He moved in the land of delight ;
With Molly, the lady of pleasure,
He danced in the shrouds of the night.
Thus stirred the love that is noble ;
Thus roused the lusts that are deep ;
Thus crashed on the altars of scandal
The idols that honour should keep.

He woke one morn with a palsied hand,
The shattered form, and bloodshot eye ;
He woke to rags at a "Screw's" command,
And Molly's note, which said, "Good-bye" ;
He woke to find the girl he'd duped
Standing near in a flood of tears ;
Then she uttered low, as she kindly stooped,
"I'll see you through the vale of sneers."

God ! your noblest gift is woman's love—
The love that sees the boulder through
Those pains decreed by champagned blood,
Helped on by sires who lived to woo.

STANLEY'S SHAME AND FAME 93

'Twas Love that whispered in his ear,
"Rise, Stanley, rise—gird on the sword,
Drown shame with fame on Flanders' plain,
And earn the love that Sybil's stored."

.



The Army claims the claim to clean,
To mend the weak, and scourge the fool.
The Army's soul is *never* mean,
For there resides the kindly school.

94 STANLEY'S SHAME AND FAME

Though talk is rough and rations coarse,
Though rules are like unbending steel,
There, there is neither grief, remorse—
Except for those who slack and squeal.

And Stanley played the Eaton game ;
He never groused when the Corporal roared,
“ ‘Ere, you wi’ the bloomin’ orficer’s name,
Scrub these blasted forms an’ trestle-board ;
An’ move, old cock—oil yer bleedin’ gun ;
Blanco yer belts, an’ ‘quiff’ yer hair ;
Don’t slide to tahn till yer cleanin’s done,
Or you’ll be ‘for it,’ Stanley Claire.”

He stood “the rags”.—and ragged them fair ;
His bed was “set” ; sheets filled with coke ;
Sent to ask for the keys of the square
From an old S.M. who cursed a joke.
The simple fun renewed his heart ;
He filled old Tomkins’ boots with soap,
Shaved the back of the Corporal’s cat,
And sang for buns in the Band of Hope.

Ah ! the Army cures what Churches leave ;
Where the Parson fails, the Army scores.
The Army taught this man to grieve
That he hadn’t thought of arms before.

Thus was his soul reclaimed from shame,
And the love to rise reborn again ;
While Eaton whispered, " Play the game,"
As his Corps debouched on Flanders' Plain.

.

Boom ! . . . Swish ! . . . Bang !
This was the opening shell.

Zip ! . . . Zip ! . . . Zip ! . . .
Chimed the Maxim ever true.

" Down, men—down !"
This was the Captain's yell.

Then, Bang ! Bang ! Bang !
Zip ! Zip ! Zip !
Ping ! Ping ! Ping !
Sang Guns, Maxims and Rifles, too.

You who slog down Plug Street way
Will know what these symbols mean.
This was simply the dawn of a day
When Hell was let loose on the green—
A day when the Bosche cracked clouds of rain,
Crashed tons of death in the huddled ranks
Of the men who watched—and not in vain,
To give the Hun the steel of the Blanks.

96 STANLEY'S SHAME AND FAME

They cowered low in blood-soaked holes,
'Midst moaning, mangled, maddened men.
Who cried to God for poison doles,
To let them sing the great Amen.
But Death still came; the swish and boom,
The Maxim's crack, and rifle's ping
Distilled the terror and the doom
Which renders war the vilest thing.

Peace after Hell, that awful Peace
That strange, dread breath before the charge;
Then crash! as ten thousand rifles ring,
Britain's reply to the Prussians large,
Who charge in waves, aye, bravely too,
Shouting their hate when stumbling dead,
Cursing their job as they lick the dew,
When maimed by the deadly British lead.

Though men were stricken like scythe-cut hay,
Though heads and limbs lay in pools of blood,
And shrieks of pain made a terror-day,
On came the Huns like a locust flood.
"Charge!" roared the Chief of Stanley's force.
"Hooray!" yelled the thirsting, gallant Blanks,
Meeting the shock with curses hoarse,
And ripping death in the Prussian ranks.

Eaton played up, for Stanley gored,
 Hacked, butted, and bludged the hateful foe ;
 For he'd in his veins that chivalry stored
 To help us out in such hours of woe ;
 Fought like a fiend, saved his Captain's life,
 Rescued three chums from a dread mêlée,
 Thought as he fought of Sybil as wife,
 Gained in this hour of our destiny.

But Victory's hour brings Victory's gloom.
 Brave Stanley, felled by a cruel blow,
 Was left on the blood-soaked field of doom,
 To a night of thirst and bleeding woe.
 Oh ! those hours in the dead man's zone—
 The haunting fears, and cries of blame,
 Then crack ! The brain has ceased to own
 Its part in this awful, morbid game.

.

"Wot the 'ell's that?" said Corporal Grame,
 As he tripped and fell on night patrol.
 "O Lor', it's the bloke wi' the Orficer's name,
 An' ain't he asleep in a b—y hole !
 Lumme ! What blood ! Yer ought to be dead !"
 Then he yielded a kindly, willing hand,
 Passed him back to a hospital bed
 And dreams of a girl in a better land.

98 STANLEY'S SHAME AND FAME

*There's a woman who's lovely and tender,
With a finger that wears a gold band,
Who sits in the glow near the fender,
And toys with a brave soldier's hand;
Though his past was ill, and he's done for,
With legs that will walk no more,
He's found that God and a woman's love
Are the gifts that we men should store.*



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" DEAR friends, we're all zealous students
Of Tactics, Shells, and the Law,
We're learning the way to be prudent,
And how to Butcher—Haw ! Haw !
They're giving us brains in instalments,
Spoonfuls of courage, as well,
We're learning to Sir and Salaamy,
And the way to fight Bosches to 'Hell.'

*We fear not the Turks nor the Germans,
The drill nor the Skipper's tirades,
But, Lord, we shivered with Terror
When the Captain said—'Early Parades.'"*

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